

# The Ohio Democrat

## AND DOVER ADVERTISER.

HILL & MITCHENER—PUBLISHERS.

CANAL DOVER, TUSCARAWAS COUNTY, (OHIO) NOVEMBER 13, 1840.

VOLUME 2.

NUMBER 64.

### THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Look on him—through his dungeon grate,  
Feebly and cold, the morning light  
Comes stealing round him, dim and late  
As if it loathed the sight.  
Reclining on his straw bed,  
His head upholds his drooping head—  
His bloodless cheek is drained and hard,  
Unshorn his grey, neglected beard;  
And o'er his bony fingers flow—  
His long dishevelled locks of snow.

No grateful gleam before him glows,  
And yet the winter's breath is chill;  
And o'er his half-clad person goes  
The frequent agony thrill!  
Silent—save ever and anon  
A sound, half murmur and half groan,  
Forces apart the painful grip  
Of the sufferer's bearded lip;  
O sad and crushing is the fate  
Of old age chained and desolate!

Just God, why lives that old man there?  
A murderer shares his prison bed,  
Whose eye balls, through his horrid hair,  
Gleam on him fierce and red;  
And the rude oath and heartless jest  
Fall ever on his listening ear,  
And, or in wakefulness or sleep,  
Nerve, flesh and fibre thrill and creep,  
Where'er that ruffian's taunting limb,  
Crimson with murder, touches him!

What has the gray-haired prisoner done?  
Has murder stain'd his hands with gore?  
Not so; his crime's a fouler one;  
God made the old man poor!  
For this he shares a felon's cell—  
The fittest earthly type of hell!  
For this—the boon for which he poured  
His young blood on the invader's sword,  
And counted light the fearful cost—  
His blood-gained liberty is lost!

On so, for such a place of rest,  
Old prisoner, poured the blood as rain  
On Concord's field, and Dunker's crest,  
And Saratoga's plain?  
Look forth, thou man of many scars,  
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars;  
It must be joy, in sooth, to see  
Thy monument appear to thee;  
Piled granite and a prison cell—  
The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,  
And fling the starry banner out,  
Shout "Freedom!" till thy lips are numb,  
Give back their cradled shout;  
Let boasted eloquence declaim  
Of honor, liberty and fame;  
Still let poor's strain be heard,  
With "glory" for each second word,  
And every thing with breath agree  
To praise "our glorious liberty!"

But when the patriot's cannon jars  
The prison's cold and gloomy wall,  
And through the grates the stripes and stars  
Rise on the wind and fall—  
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear  
Rejoices in the general cheer?  
Think ye his dim and failing eye  
Is kindled at your pageantry?  
Sorrowing of soul, and chained of limb,  
What is your carnival to him!

Down with the Law that binds him thus!  
Unworthy freedom, let it find  
No refuge from the withering curse  
Of God and human kind!  
Open the prisoner's living tomb,  
And usher from its brooding gloom  
The victim of your savage code,  
To the free sun and air of God,  
Nor longer dare as crime to brand,  
The chastening of the Almighty's hand.

FRIENDLY RELATIONS.—If we may  
judge from the Jeffersonian Democrat, the Read-  
ing people are a delightfully friendly com-  
munity. A female correspondent gives the fol-  
lowing specimen of friendly relations among the  
ladies of that delightful village.

"I will venture to say that there is not a sin-  
gle dress made in this city for a lady in this  
town that has not been borrowed some half a  
dozen times by kind friends. Once in their  
hands, alas for its fate. It must be subject to all  
kinds of measuring, fignoring, &c. and must  
probably pass a visit to a dress maker for a pat-  
tern; why I know an acquaintance of mine had  
a bonnet actually ripped apart by a milliner  
in order to find out how it was made;—you may  
guess how it looked after being again put together."

### PICTURE OF GLORY WHEN THE GLARE IS PAST.—INDIA.

After the battle.

Near midnight, when about to retire to rest,  
an order was received from the Commander in-  
chief to detach an officer and one hundred pio-  
neers for the purpose of collecting the wounded,  
and also such arms and accoutrements as could  
be found on the field of battle. This severe duty  
devolved upon me, as the other officers were  
laid up from the fatigue they had undergone  
throughout the day. Several palanquins belonging  
to the head quarters were kindly sent to  
bring in the wounded, as none of the public  
duly boys could be procured,—they having dis-  
persed in search of plunder.

The scenes of woe and misery I experienced  
during this dark dismal night, in my progress  
over the field of battle amidst the carnage of the  
day, will never be effaced from my memory.  
The groans and screams of the dying and  
wounded constantly struck my ear, as also the  
pitiful wailings of the wives, daughters, fathers,  
or sons of those who had fallen, or the cries of  
others in search of their missing relatives. With  
these heart-rending sounds were often mixed  
the wild execrations of the dying, who were  
attempting to repel the marauders who came for  
the purpose of plunder and rapine.

We found many bodies of our own soldiers in  
a perfect state of nudity, which plainly evinced  
they had not escaped those indignities offered to  
the dead and dying by the prodigal followers of  
a camp.

Our enemies were treated in the same man-  
ner; the wretches who wandered over the field  
in search of plunder, neither friend nor  
foe when there was a prospect of booty. We  
rescued a considerable number of the wounded  
from this lonely death; the most terrible to the  
imagination; but several of them had fallen vic-  
tims to the cowardly assassins or the inclemen-  
cy of the weather before we could afford them  
rescue or relief. The ground was clay, which  
had been saturated by the heavy rains and trod-  
den into a quagmire by the passing and repass-  
ing of men, animals, and carriages; a misty, driz-  
zling rain fell incessantly, and these circumstan-  
ces rendered our toil exceedingly difficult and

tedious. We had to wait a considerable time  
for the return of the palanquins from which the  
field hospital, whither our wounded were con-  
veyed, so that the morning dawned ere our task  
was completed.

The scene which I witnessed in the hospital  
was scarcely less harrowing to the feelings than  
those in the field. Dr. A. and the rest of the  
staff employed all that skill and energy could  
suggest for the relief of the sufferers. I saw  
them perform several very difficult operations,  
and amputations, and especially one on a limb of  
whose knee was severely altered. He sus-  
tained the operation with unflinching courage,  
but expired soon after it had been completed.  
Few, indeed, of those who received gunshot  
wounds survived, for the fractures were gener-  
ally so extensive as to bring on lockjaw. Many  
young aspirants for military fame dazzled by the  
pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,  
would have their ardent early damped by wit-  
nessing the scenes on the field and in the hospi-  
tal of Mahomedans.

### FOR WHAT WERE WE BORN?

When we look around us on the  
works of an Almighty Creator, the firmament  
above, the sun, moon, and stars; and  
then think of ourselves, frail weak crea-  
tures, whose existence is of but short  
duration, and even that short period fil-  
led up with uncertainties, we may with  
propriety ask—For what were we born?  
and if we seek for an answer by noticing  
the objects mostly pursued and sought  
after, we are lost in amazement, for  
they appear of so light and trifling a na-  
ture that we can scarcely bring our-  
selves to believe that the reality is the  
truth.

For what were we born? Was it that  
we might accumulate this world's goods  
and possess gold and silver in abun-  
dantly?—if so our existence would be a  
curse, and disappointment be our hourly  
companion, for millions of our fel-  
lows seek for them in vain; they toil, la-  
bor, and grieve after, yet never possess  
them, cannot but acknowledge their in-  
sufficiency to insure peace or happiness.

For what were we born? Was it that  
our names might be sounded aloud by  
the trump of Fame, or we be the Hon-  
ored of the people? if so, miserable in-  
deed would our lives be spent, for vast  
numbers of mankind during all ages  
of the world have toiled by day and by  
night, at home and abroad for these dis-  
tinctions, and never received anything  
but disgrace, or they who may have  
been the favorites of the people to-day,  
to-morrow have may be sunk in obli-  
vion, and even cursed; or if not so, by  
the time they reach the goal, and re-  
ceive the prize they drop off the stage of  
existence ere they reap any benefit or  
pleasure from the reward.

For what were we born? Was it  
that we might engage in the pursuit of  
pleasure by gratifying all our animal &  
base desires and appetites? if so each of  
our fellow creatures would constitute  
but so many particles of one vast mass  
of corruption, and our world be but a  
field of carnage and blood.

For what were we born? Was it  
that we might excel in the arts or sci-  
ences? if so, uselessly indeed would  
our time be employed, for it would only  
grieve us to know, that our theories  
would be exploded by those of our suc-  
cessors, and as for our works of art,  
they only would survive us but a short  
time, and then crumble into atoms.

For what were we born? Was it  
that we might make great and surpris-  
ing attainments in literature? much as  
it would afford to interest and delight,  
yet even this is unworthy of the sole ob-  
ject of a life time, and our intellectual  
capacities are so limited, and so many  
obstacles hinder our researches, that af-  
ter all we could but say, we know noth-  
ing to what ought to be known.

We are immortal,—formed to live for  
ever, and shall witness the sun fade—  
the moon darken—the stars fall—and  
this vast universe burned up! We who  
shall stand unharmed, "amid the wreck  
of matter and the crush of worlds," and  
gaze on nature's funeral pile—for what  
were we born? we may well laugh at the  
idea of Riches, Fame, Honor, Pleasure,  
Arts, Science, or Literature constitu-  
ting the sole or even chief object of our  
existence; we must have been born for  
higher and nobler purposes,—we cer-  
tainly exist for far more glorious objects.

For what were we born? It certainly  
was that we might glorify GOD,—  
study and practice his precepts, pursue  
nothing that has a tendency to create  
sorrow or unhappiness, but to "do unto  
others as we would that they should do  
to us." In fine, we were born, and are  
sustained alive, so that we may prepare  
to exist hereafter in happiness; and  
spend eternity with the author of our be-  
ing in Joy, Peace, and Love; far beyond  
the reach, or remembrance of the cares  
of life, and be in reality, what we were  
at first created, beings in the likeness  
and image of GOD.

Philada Sept. 1840. W. R. S.

Good.—A person said, in our hear-  
ing, the other day that editors for the  
most part were a thin, pale-faced set.  
A lady standing near, made this witty ob-  
servation at his elbow:—"There, Bob,  
I told you I had often read about the ed-  
itorial corps."

Men and gold fix each other's value.

### From the Token. THE MADONNA.

The day had been sultry. Resolved  
to avail myself of the approach of eve-  
ning to catch a breath of fresh air upon  
the sea shore, I provided myself with a  
guide, and sallied from the gates of Syra-  
cuse. Before wandering far I sudden-  
ly caught sight of the most interesting  
group my eyes had ever beheld. Upon a  
high, square pedestal, in a niche which  
on one side had suffered from time and  
the elements, a marble image of the Ma-  
donna stood before me. Countless  
creeping plants twined around the shrine  
and a gentle breeze played among the  
dark green leaves which intercepted the  
last rays of the setting sun, and threw  
their tremulous shadows upon the pale  
marble face of the image. The dark  
clouds that were rolling up from Etna  
were tinged with a golden purple, and  
before me lay the sea, quiet and un-  
ruffled as the blue heavens it reflected.

Mount Etna, the sun, the sea—what  
were they, compared with the maiden  
who knelt before the image of the Vir-  
gin, with her family, in prayer? The  
fira of Etna flashed in her deep blue  
eye, and as I afterward learned, the  
commotion of the volcano was but too  
true an exponent of her troubled heart.

Her mouth was slightly parted; she  
prayed, but alas! the voluptuousness  
of earthly passion glowed upon her  
swelling lip. Convulsively she clasped  
her delicate and almost transparent  
hands, while irresponsible emotion was  
legible in her trembling frame. Her  
humid eyes constantly wandered from  
the marble image, scanning the distance  
with such earnestness and power, that  
had I stood upon the summit of Etna, or  
lain in the depths of the sea, that look  
would have drawn me irresistibly  
thence. It was but too evident that  
those eyes had lost some object which  
no Madonna could restore to their long-  
ing sight. Her fair mother, upon whose  
placid features sat the blessed light of  
inward peace, knelt by her side. The  
mother was teaching a little girl of about  
six years to pray, and pointing to a cross  
sculptured upon the square stone pedes-  
tal. In a cradle near them lay a sweet-  
ly smiling infant, with its innocent eyes  
directed to the image of the Madonna  
above it. There were also others, wo-  
men and maidens, kneeling before the  
image; but I heeded them not—absorbed  
as I was in the contemplation of the  
strangely expressive face of that praying  
girl.

"She also, prays in vain!"  
Shrinking with sudden terror, I gazed  
around. Had my guide spoken?  
"Did you say something, Geronimo?"  
"Yes my lord, I meant that prayer  
would never help the fair Marcella  
more."

I was silent.  
"Old Etna has been a long time quiet.  
Pietro will soon rise again from the  
sea, and drag her with him under the  
waves."

These words, to me were perfectly en-  
igmatical. Etna—Pietro—I could not  
see the connection. Geronimo perceived  
it.

"So you know the story!"  
"What story?"  
"Of Pietro and Hermosa. Fifty  
years are now past and gone."

"What was it, Geronimo?"  
"Pietro was the handsomest youth in  
Syracuse; Hermosa, the fairest of Mar-  
cella's family. Pietro was poor; Her-  
mosa was rich. Pietro loved Hermosa.  
So far it is a common story. They could  
not be united. How natural! Her-  
mosa must marry another."

"During a terrible eruption of Mount  
Etna, poor Pietro, here from this place,  
I know not exactly how, threw himself  
into the sea. But he had no rest there;  
at times he comes again upon earth, in  
a form so fair and seductive, that the  
maiden who unfortunately beholds, must  
love him, and is irretrievably lost. On  
the evening before the wedding day,  
Pietro sinks again beneath the waves,  
leaving his beloved in despair. Her-  
mosa was his first victim; the sea closed  
over her beautiful form. Eight days  
ago, Marcella's betrothed lover disap-  
peared. I am satisfied he was no other  
than Pietro, and that he will surely com-  
pel her to follow him. He usually does  
this during an eruption of Etna. She  
is the fourth maiden of whom Pietro has  
robbed her family. How sad it is to  
know her impending fate, and be unable  
to afford her succor!"

Six months afterward, I found myself  
again in Syracuse. My first visit was  
to the Madonna's shrine. The same  
family were kneeling before it. Mar-  
cella's mother and sister were clad in deep  
mourning. Marcella was not there.  
The benignant face of the Madonna was  
now completely hid by the luxuriant  
vines. She hears and sees no more.  
The large cross was partially covered  
by the foliage, and seemed to have in-  
creased in size.

Old Geronimo wept while he related  
to me how the delicate form of Mar-  
cella became a prey to the fury of the  
waves.

I am not superstitious; but I could not  
look upon the little child in the cradle,  
upon the sea beneath, and Mount Etna  
above me without a shudder.

### HORRORS OF THE GUILLOTINE.

In the south, toward the close of last  
September, the following circumstance  
occurred—I think it was at Palermo:—  
The officers went to a man in prison,  
whom they found quietly playing at  
cards, and gave him notice that he was  
to die in two hours. The wretched  
creature was horror struck; for during  
the six months that he had been forgot-  
ten, he had no longer thought on death;  
he was confessed bound, his hair cut  
off, he was placed in the fatal cart, and  
taken to the place of execution; the ex-  
ecutioner took him from the priest, laid  
him down, and bound him on the guil-  
lotine, and then let loose the axe. The  
heavy triangle of iron slowly detached  
itself, falling by jerks down the side, un-  
til, horribly to relate, it wounded the man  
without killing him! The poor creature  
uttered a frightful cry. The discor-  
dant executioner hauled up the axe, and  
let it slide down again. A second time  
the neck of the malefactor was wounded  
without being severed. Again he shrieked,  
the crowd joining him, the execu-  
tioner raised the axe a third time, but  
no better effect attended a third stroke.

Let me abridge these fearful details.  
Five times the axe was raised and let  
fall, and after the fifth stroke the con-  
demned was still shrieking for mercy.  
The impatient populace commenced  
throwing missiles at the executioner,  
who hid himself beneath the guillotine,  
and erect away behind the gardeners'  
horses; but I have not yet finished. The  
hapless culprit, seeing he was left alone  
on the scaffold, raised himself on the  
plank and there standing, frightful,  
streaming with blood, drenched with  
fearful and feeble cries, and some one  
should unbind him. The populace, full  
of pity were on the point of forcing  
the gendarmes to help the hapless wretch,  
who had five times undergone his sen-  
tence. At this moment a servant of the  
executioner, a youth under twenty,  
mounted on the scaffold, told the suffer-  
er to turn round that he might unbind  
him, then taking the advantage of the  
pasture of the dying man, who had yiel-  
ded himself without any distrust, sprang  
on him and slowly cut through the neck  
with a knife. All this happened, and  
this was seen. According to law a  
judge was obliged to be present at this  
execution. By a sign he could have  
stopped all. Why was he leaning back  
in his carriage then, this man, while  
they massacred another man? What  
was he doing, this punisher of assassins  
while they thus assassinated, in open  
day their fellow creature? And the judge  
was not tried for this; and no tribunal  
inquired into this monstrous violation of  
all law on one of God's creatures.

### BLANNERHASSET'S ISLAND.

A few miles below Marietta, we passed  
Blannerhasset's Island. We ran  
under the lee of it some distance, but the  
thick wood of the river obstructs any  
view of the interior. We saw no trace  
of the beautiful mansion of Blannerhas-  
set except a chimney at the north end of  
the island, which was all that escaped  
the fire in which that dwelling had been  
consumed. I hear, however, that the  
beautiful shrubbery still lives on the is-  
land, and which was planted by Blannerhas-  
set, and that many of the walks he laid  
out are now open.

Blannerhasset was one of the Irish  
patriots who were compelled to flee  
from Ireland after their attempt to liber-  
ate themselves from the thralldom of  
England. He was possessed of a large  
amount of property, the greater part of  
which he was fortunate enough to re-  
nder available in money before his depar-  
ture. Disgusted with the corruption of  
court and turmoil of politics, he sought  
retirement in the western wilderness, on  
a beautiful island in the Ohio, then on  
the borders of civilization. He built a  
proudly mansion on it, and embellished  
it in a costly manner. Situated on the  
borders of Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio  
he had access to very refined society,  
with which it was his custom constantly  
to intermingle and interchange civilities.

His hospitality was unbounded, and  
dear to us as it was by his own chivalric  
courage and the grace of his beautiful  
wife, his island became the general re-  
sort of the country around, and it is ev-  
er yet celebrated for the splendid revelries  
and entertainments of which it was the  
scene. Blannerhasset was a fine sam-  
ple of a polished Irish gentleman, and  
rendered himself a very affectionate ob-  
ject of regard by the amenity of his man-  
ners and disposition. His lady was a  
woman of rare beauty, and accomplish-  
ments, which were heightened by a pure  
and unimpeachable character. She  
reigned the Queen of this beautiful king-  
dom of taste and refinement, which Blanner-  
hasset had created on the Ohio; and  
according to cotemporary accounts she  
deported herself with a grace and digni-  
ty that might have become a throne.  
She was a woman of high spirit and am-

bition, and when Burr, aware of her  
commanding influence over her husband  
confidently entrusted her with his plans  
of Mexican dominion, she was fired  
with the boldness and intrepidity of his  
enterprise, and immediately determined  
to engage her husband as a confederate.  
Blannerhasset was a man of ductile tem-  
per and was easily induced by the daz-  
zling representations of prospective glory  
and honor which his ambitious wife  
set before him to become a participator  
with Burr. He was moreover a liber-  
alist of the French school, of which  
Aaron Burr was well aware. The gor-  
geous representation which Burr held  
up to him of Mexican redemption from ty-  
ranny by their united efforts, fired his  
soul, as he entered with enthusiasm into  
what he believed an honorable and hu-  
mane undertaking.

When once pledged to Burr, under  
the mastering genius of his wife, he ac-  
tively engaged in enlisting men, building  
boats, and preparing the essentials of  
his expedition. Many of the most respec-  
table citizens of the neighboring  
country were connected with the affair,  
and deluded in the same manner as  
Blannerhasset. The entertainments on  
the island were broken up, and its  
shores echoed only to the muffled war  
of the conspirators, as they crossed from  
the adjacent bank, or to the tramp of  
bold adventurers, as they congregated  
on the beach to resolve and discuss their  
plans of Mexican redemption. A large  
number of flat boats had been built on  
the Muskingum, and sent over to the  
Island, and every thing was ripe for em-  
barcation, when the plot was discovered  
to the public authorities by one of the  
accomplices. Blannerhasset was in-  
stantly deserted by his followers, and left  
alone to brunt the storm. Timothy Bu-  
el, commander of the militia, with a  
small detachment went over to arrest  
Blannerhasset. He had hardly set foot  
on the Island before he was met by Mrs  
Blannerhasset, whose spirit seemed to  
rise with the increasing desperation of  
her fortunes. She had seen the party  
coming, and snatching up a pair of her  
husband's pistols, she ran from the  
house to meet them. Just as the mili-  
tia major stepped out of the boat, she seized  
him by the shoulder and thrusting  
him back, presented two formidable pis-  
tols full in his face, cocked and primed,  
commanding him in the most positive  
tone not to advance. "One step forward  
and I will send you into eternity; it is  
easier for me to do than to say it," were  
her words according to my narrator, who  
was one of the party. Her splendid her  
eye drawn up to its full height, her eye  
fixed with a strong and determined gaze  
her hands clenching firmly the pistols  
which she held at arms length, told the  
militia major in language not to be mis-  
taken, the terms on which he might ad-  
vance. The old fellow quailed and trem-  
bled before the courageous woman, and  
was forced to turn without his victim.  
Blannerhasset made his escape and is  
now, or was a few years since, living  
with his wife in poverty in France.

A FORCIBLE PREACHER.—At a Camp  
Meeting, lately held in Connecticut, a  
preacher delivered himself of the follow-  
ing: "I would that the gospel were a  
wedge; I a beetle, I would whack it into  
every sinner's heart among you."

HORRIBLE DISTRESS.—5000 human  
beings, maddened by the present  
administration, have crowded the  
hotels at Saratoga, where they pay \$4  
per day for board, and \$5 per bottle for  
log cabin champagne O horrid. Give  
us a change.—Thistle.

A FACT.—An exchange paper says  
most truly—"When the poor man, who  
depends upon his daily labor for the sup-  
port of his family, finds that after sup-  
plying his family with all the usual neces-  
saries and comforts of life, he has more  
money left at the expiration of his week  
his month, or his quarter's labor, than  
he had at any given time during the  
greatest inflation of the paper money  
bubble, or bank expansion, it is in vain  
to talk to him of hard times." And  
such a period exists at this very moment  
of federal starvation, ruin and beggary!  
—We appeal to every candid man if  
this is not the fact.

There is one thing that people ought  
never to do—yes, three: to question a  
news-carrier on his route—to peep over  
an editor's shoulder when he is writ-  
ing—or ask the loan of important pa-  
pers as soon as the mail is open.

A GOOD REFLEX.—"Hello there, you  
little ragged, bare-footed, bare-headed  
fellow! Who is your master?" "What  
is my mas'er," replied the poor outcast,  
"and a bad one he is."

A BEAUTIFUL REMARK.—Joseph Na-  
poleon, in a recent letter respecting the  
proposed removal of the remains of his  
great brother from St. Helena to Paris,  
says,—"gold in its analysis is the sweet-  
est of the poor and the blood of the brave."

### FAITH AND WORKS.

A person who had peculiar opinions  
touching the "full assurance of faith,"  
having occasion to cross a ferry avail-  
ing himself of the opportunity to interro-  
gate the boatman as to the grounds of  
his belief assuring him that if he had  
faith he was certain of a blessed im-  
mortality. The man of oars said he had  
always entertained a different notion of  
the subject "Let us suppose," said  
the ferryman, "that one of these oars is  
called faith and the other works, and  
and try their several merits." Accord-  
ingly throwing down one oar in the  
boat, he proceeded to pull the other  
very hard, so which the boat turned  
round and made no way. "Now,"  
said he, "you perceive faith won't do  
let us try if works can." Seizing the oth-  
er oar, and giving it the same trial, the  
same consequences ensued. "Works  
said he, "you see, don't do either; let  
us try them together." The result was  
successful; the boat shot thro' the waves,  
and soon reached the wished-for haven.  
"This," said the honest ferryman, "is  
the way by which I hope to be wafted  
over the troubled waters of this world,  
to the peaceful shore of immortality."

WEAKNESS OF PASSION.—Does mere  
passion give strength? No more than  
the French revolution gave freedom.  
The strong men of the olden time, who  
governed and guided the world, were of  
the self-denying stoic school. Remem-  
ber, moreover that a single great action,  
the result of great emotion, standing by  
itself in the middle of a life of ordinary  
elevation, is unheard of. Every moun-  
tain forms part of a chain.

DEFIDENCE.—A man gets along fas-  
ter with a sensible married woman in  
hours than with a young girl in whole  
days. It is next to impossible to make  
them talk, or reach them. They are  
like a green walnut; there are half a do-  
zen outer coats to be pulled off, one by  
one and slowly of their characters.

PURSUIT OF HUSBANDS.—For a woman  
to look on knowledge, grace and  
accomplishments only as baits to the  
hook with which she fishes for a hus-  
band, and not as precious in themselves  
is like shooting game with diamonds, or  
flying sceptres at fruit.

AN UNGALLANT JURY.—Miss Sin-  
clair, in one of her late works, says that  
a man was lately tried in England, for  
beating his wife—the proof was positive  
—and the jury retired and spent a long  
time in deliberation. When they re-  
entered the court room, and the Judge  
solemnly asked for their decision, it  
was unanimously delivered in these  
words, "served her right!"

HOW A RICH MAN MAY DRESS.—No-  
body blames a rich man for going with  
his elbows out, because every one  
knows that he has got money enough to  
get him a new coat; but it is unpardon-  
able in a poor man to go ragged, because  
every one knows that it is out of his pow-  
er to do otherwise.

A palpable Hit.—A few days since a  
traveller stepped into a bank located in  
the neighborhood of this city, and im-  
mediately after his entrance pulled off  
hat, coat and cravat; this done he cast  
a look at the cashier, who was seated  
in a corner, "clim as a summer mor-  
ning" and with a commanding shake of  
the head said, "Sir, had'n't you better  
be getting that water heated?"

The Teller informed him he was in  
the wrong shop.

"A Bank, ha!" ejaculated the stran-  
ger, "darn 'em they told me it was a  
shaving shop."—Western Hemisphere.

GOOD BOOK-KEEPERS.—Sir Walter,  
in lending a book one day to a friend,  
cautioned him to be particular in return-  
ing it. "This is really necessary,"  
said the poet in apology; for though man-  
y of my friends are bad arithmeticians  
I observe almost all of them to be good  
book keepers."

MAKING GAME.—A gentleman lately  
complimented a lady on her improved  
appearance—"You are guilty of flattery,"  
said the lady, "not so," replied the  
gentleman, "for I vow you are as plump  
as a partridge." "At first," rejoined  
the lady, "I thought you guilty of flate-  
ry only, but now I find you actually  
make game of me."

The Boston Post says the Harrison  
ladies in that city wear straps to their  
pantalettes. We wish Greene had fur-  
nished us with some inferences on the  
subject. Having adopted it, it cannot  
be that they are ashamed of the badge  
of Harrisonism; the emblem of the  
"hero's" bravery! Have you courage  
to say anything more on the subject,  
Colonel—Troy, N. Y. Budget.

No—we dare not follow up the post-  
script—for there's no telling where you'd  
be the end.—Bos. Post.